

Threnodia Hymenæa.

A
Funeral P O E M,
TO THE
MEMORY
Of the HONOURED
GEORGE CARTER Esq.

By **E. SETTLE.**

Virtus post Funera vivit.

L O N D O N:
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GEORGE CHARTER

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A Funeral Poem. &c.

THE Verdant *HACKNEY* with her Rural Bow'rs,
So near the fair *AUGUSTA*'s haughtier Tow'rs,
Not only here her Worthiest *SONS* of PEACE
From their *GUILDHALL* and *GRESHAM* Labours cease;
But here no less the *Veins* of HONOUR spread
An easy Pillow t' a retiring Head.

This Calm Retreat do's those sweet Pleasures give,
Beyond the Noisy *CITY*'s Buzzing Hive;
Here *CARTER*'s Choice to Die, and his Delight to Live.

As here so pleas'd his Hours of Rest He past,
And here call'd up t' Eternal Rest at last,
Here his short Transient *Reign of Life* laid down,
(For Death must still *Depose*, that Heav'n may *Crown*.)
Thus both with *Downcast* and *Uplifted* Eyes,
Our double Debt due to his Obsequies,
Down t' his dark Bed the *Grave*, and up t' his Bright
Immortal JOYS in never setting LIGHT,
For th' Off'rings paid at this Dead WORTHY's Urn,
What *Incense* must our thus divided Duty burn?

This Task t' Essay, his Herse with *Sweets* to strow,
The *Flowers* must all from his own *Garden* grow.

My *Muse* then to that Fragrant Prospect led
To paint him Living, best can mourn him Dead.

His Sphere of Life, to a short Circle bound,
What tho' the narrow'r, yet the fairer Round.
Such were the *Plans* of *HONOUR* which he laid,
That Sedate Course his stiddy *VIRTUE* made :
No ranging Head, such whose mad Sails unfurl'd
Set up for the wild Rovers of the World.

Ah, no ; our *CARTER* so intirely Blest,
So rais'd, and fixt in his bright Orb of *LOVE*,
His happy *Hymen* furnisht that Rich Feast,

He wanted not a Wish to Range or Rove :
Best *HUSBAND*, and best *PARENT* ; 'twas enough
These were the *Card'nal VIRTUES* grac'd his Roof.
And to crown all, *Humanity* so Refin'd,
That Amicable Converse with Mankind ;
A Temper so Serene, so mild an Air,
All that Society could charm, smil'd there.

Thou Fall of Angels, *Pride*, hadst thou been driv'n,
Shame of both Worlds, shut out from Earth and Heav'n,

As far as from his Walls ; no *Lucifer*
Had e'er rais'd Wars in Heav'n, nor *Lewis* here.
No Lust of Power had then th' *Ambitious* fir'd,
Nor 'gainst the Universal Peace conspir'd.
No Sanguine Torrents had the Field o'er-ran,
Nor had Heav'n rowz'd their *MICHAEL* ; We our *ANNE*.
Rapine and Dire *Destruction* then ne'er known,
ALBION's spent *Millions* had been all her Own.

As such he Liv'd, and such he Died, now turn
My duteous *Muse* and wait him to his Urn.
Lo, where St. *DUNSTAN* to his hallow'd Walls,
The sleeping *CARTER*'s challeng'd Reliques calls :
Hither t' his *ANCESTOURS* low Cell we saw,
His Mourning Steeds their *Load of HONOUR* draw ;
In all that Solemn Funeral Cavalcade,
The sad Magnificence of Grief convey'd,
To his Enstalmment on his *Throne of Clay* ;
The last just Debt that *Mourning LOVE* cou'd pay.
His Head here laid that long sound Sleep to take,
Which nought but the Immortal Trump shall wake ;
Not only a whole Train of melting Eyes
Fill the sad Pomp of his Great Obsequies,

No less at his Mourn'd Dust's Reception there,
 Ev'n his *Ancestrian Marble* dropt a Tear.

Here, if my *Muse* not too profanely rude,
 To the Dark W I D O W 'D Cell may dare intrude,
 And pry in such retiring Solitude,
 T'his once Best HALF, his Joys dear PARTNER turn,
 The true Chief Mourner at her C A R T E R 's Urn.
 Her Grief, her Tears display.-- Oh, stop, nor dare
 To touch such tender bleeding Wounds too near.

No, change thy Aims, quit this too Mournful Theme,
 And even t' a Grave, my *Muse*, let in one dawning Beam.
 A little his sad R E L I C T 's Tears to stop,
 Administer at least this *Cordial Drop* :
 Tell her her C A R T E R 't' his long Requiem led
 Lives even in those Fair E Y E S that Mourn him Dead;
 And tho his narrow'r V E I N S must only shine
 With a Fair Feminine descendant-Line,
 Tell her B R I T A N N I A knows no Salick Law,
 Her Pride disdains that Gallick Chain to draw :
 No, her F A I R S E X with equal Title claim
 Thrones, Empires, all the proudest Wreaths of Fame.

Here

Here her late Loss, if possible, t' Atone,
Bid her look up to *ALBION*'s shining Throne,
See there the *SEX*'s *GLORY*, *ANNE*'s wide Field
Of Trophies, *ANNE* the Pride of Britain, Shield
Of *Europe*, Darling of both Worlds ; yes, see,
With an uplified Eye and bending Knee,
The Wonders of a *FEMALE REGENT*.
If the *Fair Eyes* can bless a *Diadem*,
Bid her look up to her own lovely *STEM* :
And all that *Wealth* in store, such *Hopes* her own,
The *CARTER* Blessings Copy from a Throne.
Look forwards all, her *Genial Bed* so blest,
Rich as a *Phoenix* in her *Spicy Nest*.

Nay tell her too one six Foot Length enfolds,
More *WEALTH* then all *Yon Empyrean* holds,
Yes, that Rich Bed where this Dead *WORTHY* Sleeps ;
The hallow'd *Shrine* which his dear *Reliques* keeps.
That narrow Cell, that fertile Bed of Earth,
Shall one Day teem with his Immortal Birth.
That now laid Head, then rais'd so all Divine,
Shall with that never setting *Lustre* shine ;

When

When *Stars* and *Sun* in all their tow'ring Pride,
With Nature's common Rubbish laid aside,
Hurl'd headlong from their tumbling Orbs of Pow'r,
Wrapt in Eternal Shade are seen no more.

Yes that Great Day will come, (tho Ages yet unborn
Must drive their restless Course before that smiling Morn;)
When *Nature* tir'd, and *Time* unhing'd, the whole
Great Axis of the World no more shall rowl,
Whilst the *Eternal Portals* shall unfold
To a *New Heav'n* their opening Doors of Gold:
Then this *Blest P A I R* shall meet again more Blest,
In *J O Y S* refin'd above their *Bridal Feast*.
Their Radiant Brows adorn'd Divinelier Fair,
No more the *Conjugal*, but *A N G E L P A I R*,
From *Mates* of LOVE uprais'd to *Mates* of GLORY there.

F I N I S.